

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Skills"

[Intro:]

Skills, skills, skills

[DJ Premier Scratching]

"My Microphone"

"It's Skills"-*[KRS One]*

"The funky beat"

"It's skills"-*[KRS One]*

[Chorus: Guru]

(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital

Spit flows rip shows peep the recital

(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those

Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those

(Skills) It's, the music that the street love

Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love

(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again

Watch as we do it again

[Verse 1: Guru]

It's the, true enliven with a youthful vengeance

And I'm a judge rap is your ass give you a crucial sentence

You need at least twelve jewels to practice

Your too enthusiastic male groupie bastard

Still tryin to convince us some more

Pretendin your raw that's what you need a minister for

Again it's the law got you up against the wall

We the gulliest fuck it then it's us against y'all

Mic skills type grills like I'm Michael Jill

Like when he write for the pill is how I stay for the ill

Slide off kid, and let a grown man finesse it

We bold and impressive that old manifest shit

Some new product from a known team

Niggas know me, and you can bet they know Preme

So here we go for your stereo

And you could tell that it's real when you hear me go hear me go

[Chorus: Guru]

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[Verse 2: Guru]

You little suckers know better, I go head up
If your man left the joint in the whip then tell him go get it
We hold it down like a holy crown
Fools actin like they know me throw me phoney pounds
Fuck that I'm sittin back like an aristocrat
Shell shocked chief assassin with a whole fuckin list of cats
Thought you was on the case but you missed the fact
The bitch talkin this and that I'm a make it simple jack
I doubled up and tripled that, soldiers where your pistols at?
Life wrong move lose the gift of that
Why they callin us the most consistent?
Most significant ("Once again"-Chuck D) some old slick shit
Fulfill your need and catch joyful rush
Enjoy your dutch haters annoyed with us
Oh boy it's us you know the face in the club
Blazin it up, with my niggas raisin it up for these

[Chorus: Guru]

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Spit flows rip shows peep the recital
(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those
Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those
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[Verse 3: Guru]

Btohers are amused by other brother's rep
Some niggas pull tecks catch others for checks
All for respect, all for the bread
For the chance of success they might hand him his head
Remain humble cause I know enough
Plus the road is tough especially when you roll with us
But I'm a stay with my peeps, stay in these streets
Rhyme sprayin and I'm playin for keeps cause I got those

[Chorus: Guru]

(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital
Spit flows rip shows peep the recital
(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those
Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those
(Skills) It's, the music that the street love
Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love
(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again
Watch as we do it again....(Skills)